

P O E M S &
V E R S E S
E D W A R D
S A N D F O R D
M A R T I N



WITHDRAWN

37
245



[See page 47]

BELINDA

POEMS & VERSES

by

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

Author of

“A Little Brother of the Rich”
“Lucid Intervals”



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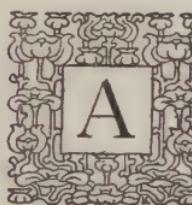
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*POEMS &
VERSES*

THE SEA IS HIS



LMIGHTY wisdom made the
land
Subject to man's disturbing
hand,
And left it all for him to fill
With marks of his ambitious will,
But differently devised the sea
Unto an unlike destiny.

Urgent and masterful ashore,
Man dreams and plans,
And more and more,
As ages slip away, Earth shows
How need by satisfaction grows,
And more and more its patient face
Mirrors the driving human race.

■

*POEMS &
VERSES*

THE SEA IS HIS

But he who ploughs the abiding deep
No furrow leaves, nor stays to reap.
Unmarred and unadorned, the sea
Rolls on as irresistibly
As when, at first, the shaping thought
Of God its separation wrought.

Down to its edge the lands-folk flock,
And in its salt embraces mock
Sirius, his whims. Forever cool,
Its depths defy the day-star's rule:
Serene it basks while children's hands
Its margin score and pit its sands.

And ever in it life abides,
And motion. To and fro its tides,
Borne down with waters, ever fare.
However listless hangs the air,
Still, like a dreamer, all at rest,
Rises and falls the ocean's breast.

THE SEA IS HIS

Benign, or roused by savage gales;
Fog veiled, or flecked with gleaming sails;
A monster ravening for its prey,
Anon, the nations' fair highway—
In all its moods, in all its might,
'Tis the same sea that first saw light.

The sea the Tyrians dared explore;
The sea Odysseus wandered o'er;
The sea the cruising Northmen harried,
That Carthage wooed, and Venice married;
Across whose wastes, by faith led on,
Columbus tracked the westering sun.

Great nurse of freedom, breeding men
Who dare, and baffled, strive again!
A rampart round them in their youth,
A refuge in their straits and ruth,
And in their seasoned strength, a road
To carry liberty abroad!

THE SEA IS HIS

When all about thy billows lie,
Sole answer to the questioning eye,
To where the firmament its bound
Stretches their heaving masses round,
With that above, and only thee,
Fixed in thine instability—

Then timely to the soul of man
Come musings on the eternal plan
Which man himself was made to fit,
And Earth and waters under it;
Wherewith in harmony they move,
And only they, whose guide is love.

Who made the plan and made the sea
Denied not man a destiny
To match his thought. Though mists obscure
And storms retard, the event is sure.
Each surging wave cries evermore
“Death, also, has its farther shore!”

WORK

HE Inscrutable who set this
orb awhirl
T And peopled it with men and
mysteries,
With height and vale diver-
sified its face,
Left beast to prey on beast and fish on fish,
Geared life to death, conditioned each on
each,
Sore price of growth, but indispensable.
To poverty He gave its warning sting,
And poisoned luxury with seeds of sloth.
Gave power to strength that effort might
attain:
Gave power to wit that knowledge might
direct;
And so with penalties, incentives, gains,
Limits and compensations intricate,

W O R K

He dowered this earth, that man should
never rest
Save as his Maker's will be carried out.

On towards his destiny the creature
drives,
Tumultuous, incessant, mutinous,
Usurping now his weaker fellow's share,
Yielding again his own to stronger might,
Aye seeking such a place or such a hoard
That he and his the common lot may cheat,
And live unvexed by fate.

Vain wish! fond dream
That ever fades on eve of coming true!
There is no easy, unearned joy on earth
Save what God gives;—the lustiness of
youth,
And love's dear pangs. All other joys
we gain
By striving, and so qualified we are
That effort's zest our needs as much consoles

W O R K

As effort's gain. Both issues are our due.
Sore lot it is to sweat and not be filled,
But sore as well aye to be filled, nor sweat.
Ever to plough and see another reap—
Oh, that is hard; but ease that stretches far
Beyond the space that labor's waste repairs,
Speeds to decay. Death lies hid in that,
And seeds of every sin that rots the strength
And stains the soul. Better when work is
past

Back into dust dissolve and help a seed
Climb upwards, than with strength still full
Deny to God his claim and thwart his wish.

Fond fools with gold in store whose
end they miss,
Glutted with unused opportunity,
Behold, drift idle on inglorious tides,
Nor ever trim a sail nor make a port;
Playing that life is play, until at last
They sink at anchor.

Sorrier still the wights
Whom poverty's distresses vainly goad,
Whose wants too grasping for their shift-
less powers
Drive not to work but from it. This too
hard
They deem, and that too slow, and ever
seeking ease
And shunning toil, nor gold nor strength
they win,
But weak, inapt, unskilled, incapable,
Their bitter cry assails the tranquil stars
While labor's trampling hosts surge over
them.

To our dim sense God's plan seems
often harsh.
Big fish eats small; earthquakes and
storms destroy;
Greed strips the poor; guile plunders
righteousness.

W O R K

But watch! see empires fall; see greed
o'erreach
Its lust! see power in fear of rival
power
Raise up its subject strength, clothe hands
with skill,
Teach minds to think; were strength not
powerful
Whose need would nourish thew and burnish
thought?
Could not the leader and the learner
claim
Their effort's guerdon, on a stagnant
earth
Successive races round and round might
move,
But never forward. Wounds and wants
and fears,
The seething urgency of discontent,
And groans and tears, grim tokens in
themselves,
May help mankind fulfil its destiny.

W O R K

Oh, Prodigal of means and men and time,
But in decree and aim immutable,
Our doom, black sometimes when we shrink
from it,
Shines glorious when we face it sturdily,
And see the shaping and compelling hand
That leads who will be led and drives the
rest.

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WORTH WHILE



PRAY Thee, Lord, that when
it comes to me
To say if I will follow Truth
and Thee,
Or choose instead to win
as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of
earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought
field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered
shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to
scorn.

WORTH WHILE

Far better fall with face turned towards
the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn
soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be con-
tent—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits Thy will: where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may
grow.

EGOTISM



WITHOUT him still this
whirling earth
Might spin its course
around the sun,
And death still dog the
heels of birth,
And life be lived, and duty done.

Without him let the rapt earth dree
What doom its twin rotations earn;
Whither or whence, are naught to me,
Save as his being they concern.

Comets may crash, or inner fire
Burn out and leave an arid crust,

E G O T I S M

Or earth may lose Cohesion's tire,
And melt to planetary dust.

It's naught to me if he's not here,
I'll not lament, nor even sigh;
I shall not feel the jar, nor fear,
For I am he, and he is I.

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BROTHERHOOD



HAT plenty but reproaches
me
Which leaves my brother
bare.

Not wholly glad my heart
can be

While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

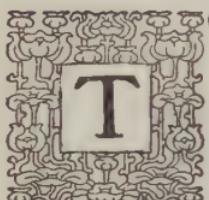
Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichsoever fall,

B R O T H E R H O O D

The other's hand may fail him not,—
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.
I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my heart is sad,—
What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall he his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.

VICTORIA

O the great lady, sixty years
a queen,
Whose simple fame with
every decade grows,
From lands across the seas,
by her unseen,

But where each child her face and story
knows,

Goes forth a greeting, friendly, warm,
sincere.

Happy the day that finds its honors due
To one whose title to them reads so clear!

Good queen, good wife, good mother!
Woman true,

And faithful ruler, equal to her tasks!

Fast friend of peace; who held her own,
but claimed

VICTORIA

Naught law denied. Posterity that asks—
“What of Victoria?” shall find her
named—
“Of Britain’s sovereigns most beloved and
blest,
Whose reign the longest was, and was the
best.”

June, 1897.

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WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL

Obit. 1896.

[From a poem read at the dinner of the Harvard Class of 1877, in Boston, June 29, 1897.]



ARD hit? Ah, yes! denial's
vain—
Far from our thoughts
and wishes too.
Stripped of our best, we
meet again
To share a cup that's tinged with rue.
Dear man, how proud he made us all!
Our honest statesman, patriot, mate,
Whose very rivals lived to call
His death a mischief to the State!

With shining eyes we watched his course
In petuous to an early goal;

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL

A man of an inspiring force,
Whose pockets could not hold his soul!
Who strove without surcease or fear,
Nor from his task withdrew his hand,
Until the fame of his career
Edged the far corners of the land.

His head was clear, his heart was good,
His speech was plain, without pretence;
Men trusted him as one who stood
For honesty and common-sense.
Ah! not unshared is our distress,
Nor here alone is missed his face;
A million freemen, leaderless,
Still wonder who shall take his place.

AN EVENING SKY



HEN the ripe sun has sunk
beneath the hills
And his reflected splen-
dors limn the skies,
Completer knowledge of his
lustres fills
Men's minds than when, blinding their
dazzled eyes,
His radiance glowed o'erhead. The Par-
thian rays
That touch the tumbling clouds with
fleeting fire
Our comprehension fit, and tardy praise
The flickerings sooner than the flame
inspire.
A sense of parting and swift strides of
change

A N E V E N I N G S K Y

O'erwhelm our thoughts and, sighing,
we esteem
At last, by what is not, the power and range
Of all that was. So the expiring gleam
Of human might may wrest from men at
last
The tribute grudged it till its strength was
past.

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A GIRL OF POMPEII



PUBLIC haunt they found
her in:
She lay asleep, a lovely
child;
The only thing left un-
defiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her supple outlines fixed in clay
The universal law suspend,
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
Around her girlish figure pressed,
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

A G I R L O F P O M P E I I

Truer than work of sculptor's art
Comes this dear maid of long ago,
Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure,
That form shall fate of flesh escape,
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

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GIFTS



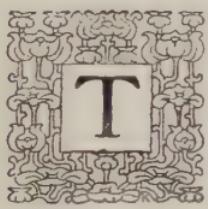
HE imperial Child to whom
the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped
in His lowly nest,
Gave no gift back. It was
Himself they sought,
And, finding Him, were sated in their
quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy
expressed.
Now was the world's long yearning
satisfied!
Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
Their gifts meant love, unmarred by
lust or pride.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to
pay,
Nor any recompense save love to win.

G I F T S

Nor any grosser feeling to convey
Than brought the wise men's gifts to
Bethlehem's inn.
Those rate we best that no return afford
Save the pure sense of having found our
Lord.

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CHRISTMAS, 1898

HOUGH doubters doubt and scoffers scoff,
And peace on earth seems still far off;
Though learned doctors think they know
The gospel stories are not so;
Though greedy man is greedy still
And competition chokes good-will,
While rich men sigh and poor men fret,
Dear me! we can't spare Christmas yet!
Time may do better—maybe not;
Meanwhile let's keep the day we've got!

On Bethlehem's birth and Bethlehem's star
Whate'er our speculations are,

Where'er for us may run the line
Where human merges with divine,
We're dull indeed if we can't see
What Christmas feelings ought to be,
And dull again if we can doubt
It's worth our while to bring them out.
"Glory to God: good-will to men!"
Come! Feel it, show it, give it then!

Come to us, Christmas, good old day,
Softten us, cheer us, say your say
To hearts which thrift, too eager, keeps
In bonds, while fellow-feeling sleeps.
Good Christmas, whom our children love,
We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!
Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness win us!

CHRISTMAS, 1900



OD bless all givers and
their gifts,
And all the giftless, too,
And help them by whatever
shifts

Their kindly will to do.

When seasons, which our hearts expand,
Our purses fail to fill,
A word, a smile, a clasp of hand
Shall carry our good-will.

Let him who hath his plenty share,
And him who lacks, his lack,
Give, each one, what he may, nor care
What recompense comes back.

If only love his heart shall swell
And kindness guide his hand,
His Christmas he shall keep as well
As any in the land.

Out, greed! Out, guile! Out, jealousy!
Out, envy! Out, despair!
Come, hope! Come, faith! Come, charity!
And ease the pains of care.
Come, Christmas, with thy message dear,
And all thy gentle mirth,
To teach that love shall cast out fear,
And peace shall reign on earth.

NEW YEAR'S, 1900



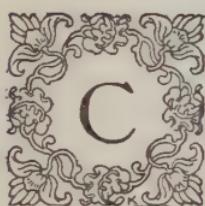
ONE greeting more to one
of noble fame,
Our comrade since our
birth; our fathers', too;
Into whose spring-time hopes
our grandsires came,
Whose promises to them for us came
true.

What struggles and what gains have filled
his day!

What peerless triumphs of a mind set free!
What stubborn shrinking, oftentimes, to
pay
The woful birth-price of the is-to-be.

Hoary, sublime, deathless yet doomed to die,
No other New Year's dawning his shall be.
Vouchsafe him, Time, such end that men
shall cry,
"Grand was thy passing, Nineteenth
Century!"

EASTER, 1900

 ALLED by the Easter bells,
 believers come
 To praise the risen Lord
 of Christendom;
 And fair young girls, and
 gallants blithe and trim,
 And elders grave, and children dear to
 Him,
 To-day, as in our fathers' time, rejoice
 With flowers, and brave attire, and heart
 and voice.

From o'er the seas what tale the cannon
 tells—
 How blends it with the message of the
 bells?

Of these who praise, the sons and brothers
 slay
Those other sons of Him who rules this
 day.
To hearts perplexed comes back the Master's
 word,
"Not peace to earth I bring, but still a
 sword!"

To us whom earth's dear bondage still
 restrains
To grieving losses and distracting gains,
Ready to rise to truth, could we be sure
In which of warring truths to rise secure—
To us distraught, who doubt if right we do,
Cry Easter bells, "Christ rose, and so may
 you!"

DECORATION DAY, 1900

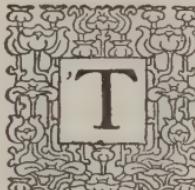


CHILDREN of their children,
now,
Heap with flowers their
graves who fought
States to weld, and stoutly
bought
Peace with blood and sweat of brow.

Mute their voices, deaf their ears,
But their graves are vocal still,
Speaking aye in tones that thrill
Words that strengthen with the years.

“Union,” “Freedom!” Hark the cry!
Pledged to these falls every flower.
Pledged to these Earth’s youngest Power
Fronts the lowering century.

THE CHRISTMAS LOVER

IS love that makes the stars
revolve ;
'Tis love that makes the
world go round.

This Christmas purpose I
resolve
On earth to make love more abound.
On me, dear maid, thy love bestow,
And match my full heart's overflow!

Nor gems nor gear to thee I bring ;
Nor gauds nor merchandises rare.
Love's offerings I may not sing,
But love itself I have to spare
In boundless store, and all for thee,
If but thy heart responds to me.

PROGRESS



FAINTLY still the echoes
cry the old-time New-
Years' fame—
A day of doings strenuous,
and feats that stag-
gered reason,
When maids and matrons stayed at home
and welcomed all who came,
And men bore swift from door to door
the greetings of the season.

We've changed all that. We save our
strength, and when the new year
dawns
We chain the door and fly the town—
if we have where to fly it;

P R O G R E S S

If not, we lurk obscure at home, and boast
between our yawns
That New-Year's fun's too much like
work, and we're too wise to try it.

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BLANDINA



LANDINA'S nice; Blan-
dina's fat;
Joyous, and sane and
sound and sweet,
And handsome too, and all
else that

In persons of her years is meet.

Behold Blandina!

She's alive, and testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In busy hands and dancing eyes
That life's a prize—

That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

BLANDINA

Blandina loves a picture-book,
Blandina dearly loves a boy;
She loves her dinner, loves the cook,
Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy;
And best of all she loves a joke,
And laughs at it.
And laughing at it testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In joyous tones and beaming eyes,
That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure—not a bit.

AN URBAN HARBINGER

IN the sweet country, as
the spring's
Advance decks out the
scenery,
And limns with hues the
colored things
And gives the greens their greenery,
I love to watch when I am there
Each little step of Nature's care;
The wiles with which she goes about
To coax the shivering crocus out,
And, day by day, succeeding troops
Of blooms, to marshal in their groups.

In town, it's different! All's wrought out
With least of her complicity,
By man-power, helped, as I misdoubt,
By steam and electricity.

The bed that yesterday was snow
To-morrow's plants, set all arow;
You press a button and they blow—
Just watch them and you'll see it's so.
I'm told, too, that in open sight
The park men turn them off at night.

You can't rely on city plants,
Whose habits have been tampered with.
I always look at them askance.

Such culture as they're pampered with
Might well their little minds upset,
Confuse their dates, make them forget
The calendar, their proper times
As set by use and nursery rhymes—
All, all, except, come sun, come cold,
They're bound to blossom when they're told.

I trust them not, but when it's fair
I note in garb delectable

AN URBAN HARBINGER

Sophronia driving out for air
With parent most respectable.
And when she leaves her furs at home
I say the season's ripening some.
Successive hats, new brought from France,
Denote to me the sun's advance,
And, when her parasols appear,
I cry, "Now bless me! summer's here."

43

*POEMS &
VERSES*

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR

IME was that Strephon,
when he found
A Chloe to his mind,
Sought not how Dun re-
ported her,
Nor lagged while Time distorted her,
But rushed right in and courted her,
As Nature had designed.

It's different now; my Lucy, there,
How gladly would I woo!
But shapes of such monstrosity
Confront with such ferocity
My impecuniosity,
What is a man to do?

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR

Strephon and Chloe had a hut,
And though, about the door,
The wolf might raise his serenade,
No latter-day menagerie bayed
Its warning, grim, to man and maid:
“ Wed not if ye are poor!”

“ My goats,” might Strephon say, “ will yield
Us milk, our vineyard wine;
By olive groves my cot is hid,
No pressing wants our joy forbid,
And I can always kill a kid
When people come to dine.”

But I, what monsters must I face
When I for Lucy sue!
What landlords roaring for their rent!
What troops of duns by grocers sent!
And shapes of want and discontent
Calamitous to view.

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR

Stay, Lucy, stay! I'm bold and stout,
I'll rout the grisly crew.
Be constant, love! and hope and wait,
And by the time you're thirty-eight
I may, perhaps, have conquered Fate,
And when I've won the right to mate,
If you're not *too* much out of date,
I'll surely mate with you!

UNCERTAINTY

OW that again the nearing
sun slants warm each
southern slope on,
Belinda, of a sudden, leaves
the noisy town behind,
And slowly fares across the fields (with
rubbers, let us hope, on),
While shadows on her forehead tell of
something on her mind.

What is it in the spring-time drives a maid
to meditation?

What brings her out to tramp the fields
in chosen solitude?

UNCERTAINTY

Some matter of finance, or faith, or heart
or station?

It must be what would all these four
and most things else include.

Oh, what is man, Belinda dear, that you
are mindful of him?

Caressed of fortune, can it be there's
anything you lack?

Ay, there's the rub! so much to lose—so
great a risk to love him!

And yet, who dares not love may miss
what never may come back!

Take heed, Belinda! Life is long, with
many a snare to gin him.

Be sure he's straight, as humans go,
and sound and sane and true;

Be sure he has withal the saving streak
of iron in him

To make him deaf when sirens sing,
and calm when notes fall due!

UNCERTAINTY

Wise choice to you, Belinda! Man's no
easy thing to measure,
For now and then he justifies the shape
he's moulded in;
And then again he doesn't: still, an able
woman's leisure
May find worse use than steering him,
and helping him to win.

LABUNTUR ANNI

LOST man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
LIdle fellow; loath to delve,
Indisposed to scheme.
Liked too well to shirk his
task
When circumstances let him;
Loved to sit about and loaf,
And strum the strings and dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven knows!
Love and faith and beauty—
Towers that glittered in the sun—
Vales of sheltered peace.

LA BUNTUR ANN

Gone is he this twenty years;
Baffling all pursuit, he
Loiters—where? While fast on me
The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!
People, have you met him?
Meditative-seeming chap of—
Maybe—twenty-three?
Good riddance, very probably,
And yet I can't forget him.
I wish I had him back to dream
My Christmas dream for me.

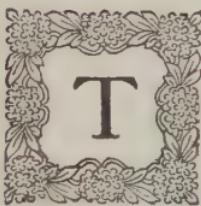
TO CELESTINE IN BRAVE ARRAY



HIELDED and hid by such
a panoply;
Garbed for defence; feathered
to fortify
And add to stature;
Oh, but it seems a far, far cry
From thee to nature!

Bless thy capitulating eyes, whose ray
Out of this fort of raiment finds a way
To prove thee human,
By signals sure, that to my signal say,
This is a woman!

THEY SAY SHE FLIRTS



HEY say she flirts; sore
news that she
Should flirt at all and not
with me.

Sam Rogers—so the tale
expands—

Has gone for good to foreign lands,
And left her free to go and live
In whichsoever State will give
Release from matrimonial gyves
With least display of jarring lives.

The trouble? Oh, some say Sam beat her.
But others claim that what's the matter
Is that he didn't. Some, again,
Hear rumors about "other men,"
And add, explaining all that's hid—
"She flirts; you know she always did."

T H E Y S A Y S H E F L I R T S

Flirt! Well, perhaps she did, and yet
It seems too bad that Sam should let
Such coquetry as hers advance
To such calamitous mischance.
Her smiles on mankind to confer
Come just as natural to her
As to the sun in shining mood
To warm the evil and the good.
Are there not flowers that bloom and blush,
Sweet-scented, on a thorny bush,
Whose nature 'tis, not thinking wrong,
To every bee that comes along
To give some honey? But for these
'Twould be short commons for the bees.
And other splendid blooms there are,
Gorgeous to gaze on from afar,
But scentless; ravishing to see,
But without sweets to tempt a bee.
Getting a rose, Sam should have grown
Sharp thorns enough to keep his own,
Leaving the world some usufruct
Of sweetness from his rose unplucked.

THEY SAY SHE FLIRTS

Or else, if it were his desire
That everybody should admire,
But none appreciate his prize,
Save by the tribute of their eyes,
'Twere better if he had become
The stalk of a chrysanthemum,
That needs no thorns and safely grows,
Without alluring bee or nose.

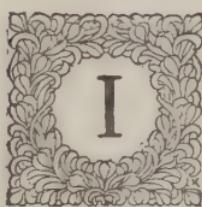
Poor Sam! What thorns he had the power
To grow, have pierced his own sweet flower,
Till, of that gracious bloom bereft,
His thorns are all that he has left.

Oh, bootless conquest, to be bold
And win a maid one cannot hold!
Oh, wrack to her, and woe and pain,
To be once won, then lost again!
Oh, sharp aforesaid pang, to see
Her flirt at all, and not with me!
One cure for all, and only one—
To get the whole black snarl undone—

T H E Y S A Y S H E F L I R T S

To call Odysseus back once more,
Shoo all the suitors from the door,
And trim the thorns of misplaced score,
And spray the rose with hellebore,
And gag the gossips who'd deplore,
Or carp at what had gone before!
Ah, those were services that would
Befit a friend, if one but could.
To stand compassioning her plight
Avails no jot to set her right.
Yet far more pleased were I to see
Her flirt no more, than e'en with me.

SPRING FEVER



WANT to go to Boston!
There's something in
the air—
The breath of spring; some
restless germ unnamed;
it's everywhere—
That somehow makes my spirit loathe all
tasks and discipline,
And seasonably stirs it up to bolt the rut
it's in.

Oh, clang of gongs on cable cars! Oh,
rattling trains o'erhead!
Oh, hustle of this driving town! Oh, life
too briskly sped!

S P R I N G F E V E R

'Twixt you and me 'twere sweet to put a
 temporary gap,
And go and sit awhile in Boston's calm,
 commodious lap.

'Tis true, it's not the town it was some
 twenty years ago,
For even Boston can't neglect its Yankee
 right to grow;
But still, one finds a peerless club just where
 one found it then,
And gazing out on Beacon Hill those same
 good Boston men.

I want to play with them awhile, and hear
 their Boston prate,
And note their spreading dearth of hair
 and irksome gains in weight;
And, just as an experiment, there might
 perhaps be tried
One Boston cocktail's work in an abstemious inside.

S P R I N G F E V E R

I want to drive on Brookline roads, past
homes where lives are spent
In fiscal ease, and sport, and intellectual
content;
And see the Dedham polo sharps their
livers' weal promote,
And hear on India wharf the lay that greets
the Portland boat.

Oh, Boston, sweet are your delights, and
though they may seem vain
To minds austere, my spirit craves the taste
of them again.
Oh, heavenly town when one is tired! this
good one may discern
In you that Heaven has not, since one may
taste you, and return.

FROM AFRICA

March, 1900

 HAT'S the word from Africa?
Kruger strikes at last.
Now he's where we've wanted him for ten years past.
Watch us while we do him up. Progress rules to-day.
Boers, get a move on you! Don't block the way!

*Rude men, gross men, men averse to soap.
Bigots all, and ignorant; far too dull to cope
Equally with Englishmen trained to modern skill.
Now's our chance to show them how—
ay, and so we will!*

60

FROM AFRICA

What's the news from Africa? Kimberley's shut in,
And Mafeking and Ladysmith. Still we're
sure to win!
But dining at Pretoria this coming Christ-
mas Day
Depends, it seems, in some degree, on what
Joubert may say.

*Rude men, gross men, obstinate as mules;
Fighters with a most uncivil disregard of
rules;
Churlish farmers, ready though, when
summons comes, to die,
To prove their right to dwell in dirt, each
freeman in his sty.*

What's the news from Africa? Things
are getting hot.
Methuen's crazy! Wauchope's killed! Gat-
acre's gone to pot!

They've captured regiments of hussars.
At every rifle crack
A smokeless message speeds to drape a
British home in black.

*Help! help! help! there, and send it mighty
quick!*
*Sort your generals, you at home, and let
us have the pick!*
*Rush in more of everything! God help
us if we lose!*
*We're up against as grim a crowd as ever
stood in shoes.*

Up rose Britain's might at that. Up rose
Britain's hair.
Where are Bobs and Kitchener? Quick!
They're wanted there!
Off, you ornamental chaps! Now show
what you're for!
Sixty thousand not enough? Send twice
as many more!

FROM AFRICA

*Rude men, gross men! Heavens! how
they shoot!*

*Gentle with our wounded, too; not so
wholly brute*

*As not to be the masters of the game of
war they play,*

*And play it in a singularly self-respect-
ful way!*

What's the news from Africa? All the
world inquires;

Canada—her sons are there—stands lis-
tening at the wires.

Lo, Australia anxious, too! and India just
as much,

While British drums beat round the world
defiance to the Dutch.

*Defiance to the laggard Dutch, too far be-
hind the time*

*To understand the ever-modern estimate
of crime,*

*Which deems it sin in Heaven's sight and
folly before man
To question right of Might to grab whosoever
land it can.*

What's the news from Africa? The tide
begins to turn.
Brains at last make crushing numbers
harvest what they earn.
Rhodes is out of Kimberley; Ladysmith's
relieved.
So is London. Roberts did it. Cham-
berlain's reprieved.

*Cronje's at St. Helena; Kruger's in the
field
—Tough old boy—and still the cry is,
“Boers never yield!”
Yield they must, though; odds too great;
yield and pay the bill.
So many pounds for so much blood that
England had to spill!*

FROM AFRICA

Boers? How about them now? Dirty?
Rude? Uncouth?
More like models, nowadays, for hopeful
British youth.
Teachers of their pedagogues. Training
men to try
To prod the erring gently lest he smite
them on the eye.

*Softly with them, Britons now! Softly
as may be!*
*You know them better than you did; you
do, and so do we.*
*Men who fight as Boers fight—surely
they are worth*
*Freedom, and a title clear to some poor
roods of earth.*

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY

[Read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge,
June 30, 1898.]

HEN forth the shepherd boy
in Elah's vale
W To meet Goliath fared, no
coat of mail
Nor sword nor spear he
took, nor anything
Except one little penny-dreadful sling.
His pebble sped, the big Philistine's fall
Gave humble means a license once for all,
And helps your bard a warrant to construe
To launch light verse at learned men like
you.

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

Masters of erudition, chosen sirs,
Whose knowledge close with all that's
known concurs,
Who taste all fruits on wisdom's tree that
grow—

After all's said, what do we need to know?
Knowledge is power. What knowledge?
Power for what?

To do, or not to do? To have, or not?
Shall learning make our hearts or pockets
stout?

Bring things, or teach us how to go without?
Prompt us to spare, or qualify to spend?
Is it a means, or shall it be an end?

All day the Hindoo sits and contemplates
His navel. Earth spins onward while he
waits.

No loss of time his brooding hope concerns;
His concentrated thought serves all his
turns—

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

His food, the least that soul and body
joins;

His raiment, but the clout about his loins.
To think is all he asks; indeed, it's
more—

He only seeks to keep an open door
Whereinto may perhaps in time be turned
A consciousness transcending all things
learned.

Heedless of force, oblivious to fact,
Broken of every wish or power to act,
Under his bo-tree, rapt, behold him sit,
A patient mark for wisdom's darts to hit.

In violent, prodigious contrast, view
Our devotee who lives to put things through!
Intense in aim, tremendous in attempt,
He dares such feats as wizards might have
dreamt.

Prompt from a bed too briefly kept he springs
To giant struggles with material things.

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

He wrests from earth her treasures and her
fruits,

Stays time, and grubs up distance by the
roots.

Titanic in his hands' resourceful play,
He fits to needs, a thousand leagues away,
Supplies extorted by his conjuring brain
From mine and factory, forest, sea, and
plain.

As nature's secrets, yielded one by one
To searching science, meet the revealing sun,
His hail exultant glorifies the hour
That still extends the boundaries of his
power.

To have, to hold, to shift, to give and take,
And from each transfer still a profit make—
That is his life; we watch him and admire,
Yet envy not his toil nor grudge his hire.

To each his task: our civilization's need
Includes things as diverse as love and greed—

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

As brooding thought and bustling energy—
As abstract truth and prompt utility.
His right to earth is best who best can use it ;
His birthright man must justify or lose it.
This we should learn, then, and to this end
 strive,
Living to keep continuously alive,
And daily meet the debt we owe the day—
That irksome, wholesome debt, to make it pay.
Call us utilitarian those who will,
A warrant for our Yankee impulse still
Stands in the immemorial decree
That linked with labor human life shall be.
For liberty and progress, hand in hand
With pushing thrift have gone in many
 a land,
And mastery of earth and nature brings
The key to endless stores of precious things.
Wealth earned, not filched, power not usurp-
 ed, but based
On freemen's choice, are mighty tools that,
 placed

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

In fitting hands, spread civilization's sway,
And speed the dawning of millennium's day.

Be honor, then, to him who makes the field
To wiser tillage fuller harvests yield ;
Who harnesses the lightning, and con-
strains
Indocile steel to save the finger's pains ;
Who teaches us new wants, and, turn
about,
Supplies these things we cannot do with-
out,
And makes us hope, so much do wares
abound,
There'll some time be enough to go around.
To those devoted souls be honor, too,
Who steadfastly the quest for truth pursue ;
Who, rifling history's treasure-house, fore-
cast
The future's hopes and perils from the
past ;

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

Who seek creation's darkest depths to plumb—
What man has been, and is, and may become,
Whence brought, and by what trail, and whither bound,
Asking, they wrest its secrets from the ground,
The depths of earth and sea, the celestial vault,
They dredge and sift and span in an assault
So fierce and steady that the hosts of night
Fall ever back before its fervent might,
And Sol each morning rises with a shout,
Surprised at what those fellows have found out.

But honor more be his whose instincts own
The truth, “Man cannot live by bread alone”—

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

Who sees in righteousness, far more than wealth,
The prime essential to a nation's health;
Whom neither ease, nor quest, sublime or base,
Makes inconsiderate of his brother's case;
Whose effort is, come plenty or come dearth,
God's will to learn, and see it done on earth.
A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the state, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.

This above all, then, brethren, we should know,
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom, and integrity—

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

Our country whose we are, and in whose
fate

Our stake is so immeasurably great,
Whose honor ours involves, her fame our
fame,

Her misdirection our remorse and shame.
Manila's guns, reverberating still,
Witness how well her sons can do her will.
Beleaguered Cuba's marching hosts attest
How swells the love of freedom in her
breast.

Whate'er befall, God grant her flag may
fly

In sign of righteousness and liberty,
Ne'er at ambition's beck to be unfurled
In triumph o'er the weaklings of the world,
Ne'er borne in battle save in mercy's cause
To spread the realm of peace and honest
laws!

May Heaven, who gave us strength, give
wisdom too,

Our duty teach us, and what not to do;

KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY

And so on force may moderation wait—
So match our men of war, our chiefs
of state—

That the chief fame our victories shall
produce

May be the high renown of victory's use.
So be our arms, our flag, our future blest—
God save the Great Republic of the West!

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

[Read at the Harvard Club Dinner, New York, 1900.]

 WENT down East to a football match; great game;
I'll go again.
There played a chap they called McBride, who had
the strength of ten,
And divers more, whose names I miss, but
they seemed to be all good men.

Thirty men or thereabouts competed there that day.
Thirty thousand anxious souls observed their urgent play.
All Harvard went prepared to yell; all Harvard stayed to pray.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Bless me, how those lusty youths toiled
round that leather sphere,
Lined up, rushed, tackled, bucked, and
strove with ardor most severe,
While earnest lads in moving tones be-
sought the crowd to cheer!

Governors, senators, ministers, judges, presi-
dents of banks,
College presidents, mothers of families,
matrons and maids, on ranks
Of benches steeple-high, sat round and
watched those football cranks.

I sat next to a mossy fossil, forty years
old, named Jim.
Neither one of us knew the game, but we
went with purpose grim
—Yet humble too—to see the show and
learn—if it took a limb.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

“They say it’s dangerous!” said I, but
he said, “I don’t care;
We’ll get back seats. I understand there’ll
be policemen there.”
So there we sat and viewed the whole pre-
posterous affair.

It turned out safe enough for us, and as
for those young chaps
Who played, they all made nothing of as-
tonishing mishaps,
Enduring superhuman-seeming strains with-
out collapse.

They’d kill a player frequently, and on his
corpse would pile
A score of them, and then pile off, and he’d
get up and smile,
And kick the ball; the blessed crowd all
hollering meanwhile.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

A player 'd get the ball and run; another,
just as fleet,
Would grab him passing, ankle-high, and
throw him forty feet.
He'd land upon his head, but still continue
to compete.

"Sure that one's dead," I'd cry; and Jim
— "What odds! there's plenty more.
What stubborn brutes those Yale men are!
Why can't our chappies score?"
"Hi! Daly's got the ball! Now go! Down?
Bless me! What a bore!"

Our beings to their cores were stirred that
day by those young men,
Egregious heroes doing stunts far too
sublime for pen.
Down to Yale's one-yard line they fought;
Yale fought them back again.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

“ And all that work and no one’s game!”
sighed I as we turned away.

“ They jolly well got their exercise, you
bet,” said Jim, “ this day.

In the strenuous life ‘tisn’t wins that count,
so much as how hard you play.

“ Don’t bother about what’s gained, or
whether you wallop the proper man.

In the strenuous life, to do hard things in
the hardest way is the plan,
And to keep the biggest possible crowd as
crazy as ever you can.”

“ Poor liver-saddened old croak,” said I,
“ whose thews have lost their power;
Whose muscles are soft and his spunk col-
lapsed, and his spirit subdued and sour,
Grand is strife of the strenuous life, and
the world’s best hope in this hour!”

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

“Granny!” said he, “those were fine young lads, and vigorous through and through. They put commendable snap, I own, in the singular things they do. Still granting a sport is a right good sort, need we make it religion too?

“Must we add to the cross we’ve had so long another upright pole, And shove the bar along a bit, till it’s what they call a goal, And say you must drive between the posts as you hope to save your soul?

“There’s more to life than hustling, man, though hustling has its place, There’s virtue in contentment still; tranquillity’s a grace; According to his legs and lungs, must each man set his pace.”

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

I've thought about it often since, and doubtless shall again.

The strenuous life's a tip-top thing, I guess,
for strenuous men

Whose necks are short, and whose heads are hard, and who have the strength of ten.

They're skittish creatures anyhow; unless they have due vent

We'll have them putting up on us with maybe good intent,

Hair-raising jobs, to which we could not possibly assent.

To get them in between the shafts and let their shoulders feel

The public load, 's a scheme that well to prudence may appeal.

While we, the timid, stand by to clamp on brakes and shoe the wheel.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Our strenuous friends who can't be cured,
let them be strenuous still.
If they'll be strenuous to our taste, we'll
cheer them to their fill,
And plank our dollars duly down to pay
their long, long bill.

But as for us, the meek and mild, our
racket's to adhere,
To docile virtue's modest path, nor let am-
bition queer
Our sense, nor ever lure us off a strenuous
course to steer.

To pose as strenuous half a day, and spend
a week in bed
Would never do; we'd lose our jobs; our
babes would wail unfed.
Better to save our puny strength to earn
our daily bread.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

About one strenuous man to every thousand
folks is right.

Five hundred lean and vigilant to keep
him aye in sight;

Five hundred fat to sit on him hard when
he happens to want to fight.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

[Read at Phillips Academy, Andover: Commencement,
June 27, 1900.]

E learned some Latin thirty
years ago,
Some Greek; some other
things—geometry;
Baseball; great store of rules
by which to know
When thus was so, and if it *was* so,
why.
And every day due share of pie we ate,
And Sunday under hour-long sermons
sate,
And thrived on both; a sound New Eng-
land diet,
And orthodox. Let him who will decry it.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

We spoke our Latin in the plain old way.
Tully was Cicero to Uncle Sam,
And Cæsar, Cæsar. Footballs in our day
Were spheres of rubber still. When
autumn came
We kicked them, chasing after; but the
sport
Was a mere pastime, not at all the sort
Of combat—strenuous, Homeric, fateful—
Whence heroes now wrest glory by the
plateful.

The higher criticism was an infant then.
Curved pitching had not come, nor yellow
shoes,
Nor bikes, nor telephones, nor golf, nor men
In knickerbockers. No one thought to
use
Electric force to haul folks up a hill.
We walked, or rode on Concord coaches
still.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Expansion's quirks stirred then no fiercer
tussles
Than such as vexed the growing vogue
of bustles.

Girls then, as now, to seminaries went,
But not so much as now to colleges.
The female understanding's scope and bent
Was thought to crave a round of 'ologies
Less full than man's. We've learned, it
seems, since then
That women need whatever's good for men,
And that, though boys are tough and girls
more tender,
Knowledge is power, without regard to
gender.

The shade austere of Puritan restraint
Showed sharper outlines, may be, then
than now.

But not to hurt. For now the old complaint
Of joys curtailed gives place to wonder how,
'Twixt stress of sports and pleasant things to do,
And waxing claims of growing knowledge, too,
The modern lad gets time to feel the joy
It was, and still must be, to be a boy.

A checkered joy! Progress is man's desire.
And boys progress with swifter strides than men
To greater changes. Little boys aspire
To bigness, and it comes; nor turn again
Regretful eyes towards childhood. To grow strong,
And apt, and swift; to learn; to press along
Up life's first steeps and glory in each rise—
That's boyhood, as it seems to older eyes.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Time dwarfs the bulk of most material things.

The giants of our youth less monstrous seem,

Its wonders shrink when wider knowledge brings

The great world's standards to amend our dream.

But youth itself to backward glances looms Up bigger than it is. The boy assumes, To eyes that comprehend, the form and place

That gathering years may summon him to grace.

And what place is it he should strive to gain?

What ends achieve, to what his powers apply?

The same old simple precepts still obtain That served for all men fit to pattern by.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Dear lads, we say, the greatest thing on earth
Is service: that's what justifies our birth.
Life can't be made worth living to a shirk.
You can't have even fun, unless you work.

Go make your bodies strong, your minds alert;
Train both to do for you the most they can.
Life's goal no runner reaches by a spurt;
Doing the daily stint's what makes the man.
And making men is Nature's chief concern;
For right men bring things right, each in its turn.
Strive, then, to help yourselves, and, that much learned,
Help others; nowise else contentment's earned.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Oh, money's good to have, and fame is sweet,

And leisure has its use, and sport its joys.

Go win them, if you may, and speed your feet!

But this regard: that even splendid toys
Are only toys: the important thing's not
play,

But work. Who shun the burden of the day

Shall miss as well the strength they gain
who bear it—

The fellowship they only feel who share it.

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

[From *Life*, January, 1893.]

HEN *Life* began, experienced persons said:
" See Lachesis her shears
snip that slim thread,
A line so slender can't pro-
tracted be:

Lo, Punchinello's early tomb! and see
Yon tumulus whose cut-off hump declares
How premature an end was *Vanity Fair's*.
Brightness and brevity as surely mate
As pork and beans. It isn't chance; it's
fate!

A few brief months of coruscation, then
Life will go out." So said experienced men.

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

A decade swift since then this Earth has
sped,
And every day has turned things on their
head.
Croakers who moaned “short *Life!*”
themselves have died,
Strong banks have bursted; men whose
means defied
All turns of fortune have been brought to
use
The surer plan of having nought to lose.
“Assured success” has gone through
bankruptcy.
Merit in partnership with Industry
Have somehow failed to justify presump-
tion,
And draw a salary now, employed by
Gumption.
New journals, solemn, fiscal, economic,
Religious, newsy, sporty, spicy, comic,
Diurnal, weekly—every kind you take—
Have mostly left depression in their wake.

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

Still round this world has spun, nor lost
a minute,
And *Life*—“ brief, fitful *Life*”—*Life* still
is in it.

Ten times around the freckled orb of day,
Hebdomadally blazing out the way,
What a procession of its blessed self
Stalks through that score of volumes on
Life's shelf!
What old, old friends perennially appear!
What new ones come and go, to chide or
cheer!
Fair Chloe, both ways drawn, choosing by
toss
'Twixt Strephon's ardor and old Bullion's
dross;
Lucy and Jack kept single by the curse
Of large requirements and a slender purse;
The joys ornate in which the rich compete;
The simple pastimes of a Thompson Street;

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

Shanty-bred Romeo's high-flown speeches
poured
Into the infant ears of his adored ;
Cesnola's fragments joined with too much
skill ;
The summer-girl, by ennui driven to kill
Too sluggish hours by stirring with her
fan
The smouldering passion of the casual man ;
The Sabbatarian, aye obtusely prone
To estimate the Lord's day as his own ;
The anxious tests the newly married make
To learn what course two lives when lumped
must take ;
In all his uses in recurring course
That dearest quadruped to man, the horse ;
Dudes, chappies, flunkies, bishops, states-
men, sports ;
Brusque millionaires ; professors of all
sorts ;
Managing matrons, doctors, perfect dears ;
Prudles, politicians, fortune-hunting peers ;

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

Prigs, flirts, small boys chock full of devilment;
Wrong-headed folks who err with good intent;
Policemen, parsons, all the recurring train
That cross the boards of time, and come again,
While down in front in strongest light confer
The score-score stars of the McAllister.

Dear hundred thousand friends to whom
Life owes
The vital force by which it lives and grows,
Your prompt support its infant steps that propped
And never since has wavered, much less stopped,
Is still its best possession—its very self—
Since when that ceases *Life* goes on the shelf.

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

For any good *Life* has availed to do,
The lion's share of praise belongs to you.
'Twas you that opened Gotham's museum's
 door
And helped make Sunday useful to the poor;
'Twas you, last summer, and your foster-
 ing care,
That gave, through *Life*, four thousand
 babes fresh air.
Your laugh has turned purse-proud As-
 sumption pale,
Your scornful eyes have seen Imposture
 quail,
And driven the bigot skulking from his
 niche,
And checked the follies of the idle rich.
Life, truly, fits the shafts to proper strings,
But 'tis your hands that give the missiles
 wings.
Be still the sun that brings *Life's* buds to
 bloom!
For give its faults; its failings still assume

RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING

To be such griefs as come to every man
When what he would mismatches what he
can:

Still speed its darts at Folly as she flies;
Still laugh down ostentation, meanness,
lies;

Still share its mirth; still help its humor's
point

To jab the times where'er they're out of
joint.

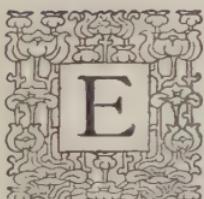
Whate'er befalls this world of greed and
strife,

While *Life* has you, be sure you shall
have *Life*.

Let's keep on trying, without undue fuss,
To make the world less gloomy, having us.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

1892

 BEN PYNCHOT was sad,
 Eben Pynchot was
 gloomy,
 While it might be a trifle
 too much to assume he
 Was ready to vacate this vortex of strife,
 There was no denying he didn't like life.
 He had tried it both ways, tried it just as
 it came,
 And gone out of his way to make of it a
 game
 Of elaborate methods and definite plan,
 With ends fit to serve as the chief ends of
 man.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Either way it seemed now he'd been chasing a bubble,
And the fun he had had hardly paid for the trouble.

First trying it poor, with his living to work for,
He had used as much strength as he had to exert for
That purpose and stopped there; not that he was lazy,
But going without to him always came easy,
And he greatly preferred to have less and economize,
With a mind free to meditate, read, or astronomize,
Than to hustle, with due acquisition of dross,
But with no mind for aught except profit or loss.

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EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

"In his work," said his boss, "he's a
youth to be counted on
Very much as you'd trust to a clever au-
tomaton,
But for all that he cares for commercial
adventure, he
Would go through the same daily round
for a century."

For a while once he did show some symp-
toms of go
That promised in time into "business" to
grow;
He worked overtime, and his questions be-
trayed
Such a wish to discover how money was
made
That his increase of zeal by his owners
was noted
An' he stood on the sharp edge of being
promoted,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

When his eagerness all of a sudden dispersed
And he lapsed into just what he had been
at first.

It was never explained, but it seemed to
come pat
That Miss Blake married Rogers the June
after that.

'Twas the following spring that his great-
uncle Eben,
Whose toil in "the Swamp" long had
lucrative proven,
Caught a cold riding home insufficiently clad
And promptly developed the prevalent fad.
"Pneumonia, age much against him,"
'twas whispered.
His life had been frugal and leather had
prospered.
The will spattered off at the start with be-
quests
To cousins, and colleges, hospitals, rests

EBEN PYNCHEOT'S REPENTANCE

For the wayworn, old servants, familiars,
and clerks,
Till it showed a round sum gone for love
and good works.
"All of which," it ran on, "being paid
with due care,
Being still of sound mind, I appoint and
declare
Eben Pynchot, my nephew and namesake,
to be
Of the whole of the residue sole lega-
tee."

"His nephew! Don't know him," Executor Willing said.
"Never heard of him!" echoed Executor Hollingshed.
"Was here at the funeral," said Executor Prince,
"I saw him, but haven't laid eyes on him
since."

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Never mind, he'll turn up." But all three
of them guessed
That his share would be small after pay-
ing the rest.

Then came the post-mortem. The trio
selected to
Operate found what they hadn't expected
to.
The autopsy dazed them. A simple tin
box,
Excised from behind a Trust Company's
locks,
Developed securities in lots and varie-
ties
So ample and with such regard for pro-
prieties
In the matter of dividends, that those worthy
men
Sat speechless till, getting their wind back
again,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

An admission each gasped in such voice
as he could

Of how old Eben's worth had been mis-
understood.

"That young man is well off," said Ex-
ecutor Willing;

"Eight millions in pocket as sure as a
shilling."

Mused Executor Prince: "Nearer twelve, I
should say,

And he'd better be sent for without more
delay."

He took it all calmly, incredulous
first,

Then wonder-eyed, lastly resigned to the
worst.

Being quit of the need to beg, labor, or
rob,

He made sure of the facts and then threw
up his job,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Bought a sharp, shining shears fit his
coupons to sever,
And regarding himself done with labor
forever,
Set out with serene disposition to measure
What profit might lie in existence at leisure.

Five years passed, they left him well on
in his twenties,
But still to his new trade a willing appren-
tice;
Deliberate still in his manner, and spare
In his frame, fitly dressed and with not
too much care.
Eating all things and drinking all freely,
and yet with
The sort of instinctive discretion that's
met with
In monkeys, and men who from testing it find
That less fun with the gullet means more
with the mind.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

For he realized young that though houses
• may burn
And be built again finer, and jewels return
That were lost, and a fortune misused be
replaced
By a windfall in spite of inordinate waste,
And a man's very ancestors sometimes
may be
Swapped off, a job lot, for a fresh pedigree,
Though his babes he may shift too, and
even his wife,
The stomach he starts with stays by him
through life;
And too much or too little care what he
shall put in it
Is likely to leave him at last with his foot in it.

Five years he had travelled, by gradual
stages
Finding out what a million a year in this
age is,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

And inuring himself to the startling effects
Wrought by gold on deposit responsive to
checks.
Circumventing the globe on a track loosely
planned,
He had got some idea of the lay of the land,
Supplementing the same with deliberate
diligence
By study of people and human intelli-
gence.
Wise men and wise virgins and fools of
all statuses,
Promoters, scamps, anarchists, young Fort-
unatuses,
Russian princes, dukes, beggars, lords,
common Cook's tourists,
Diplomatists, gamblers, mind-readers, faith-
curists,
Grooms, couriers, mandarins, pachas, bag-
men, colonels,
Professors, cads, spendthrifts, correspond-
ents of journals,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

He had rubbed against all of them and
hundreds more too,

Getting aspects of life from diverse points
of view.

Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Bois, Boulevard, Corso
Had gown trite to his eye as Fourteenth
Street, or more so.

The famed bank of Neva, each Ringstrasse
mart,

The paths Unter Linden, he knew all by
heart.

Duly vouched for in letters of forceful vari-
ety,

He had dabbled two seasons in London
society.

A house in Park Lane had disputed his stay
With a suite that he kept in the Rue de la
Paix.

The Derby those years 'twas worth doing,
to see

The swells on his drag: ditto more at Grand
Prix.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

On a stem-winder yacht in the Mediterranean
He had cruised in such guise as Jove visited Danaë in,
Putting in at his whim where they chanced to appear a
Fête worthy to share in the bright Riviera;
Waking up Monte Carlo by way of a prank,
By testing new methods of breaking the bank;
Storing Venice, her stones and canals, in his memory,
The Bosphorus cleaving, romantic and glamoury;
Then the Nile, thence Suez, by his craft percolated,
Let him in on the East with a mind not yet sated:
Bombay and Colombo, Calcutta and Delhi,
Simla, Bangkok and Singapore, Canton and Shanghai,

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EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Tientsin and Pekin, and flowery Japan
Had all fitted into his nebulous plan.
Seeing all that he might and inferring the
rest,
He had drifted on, gaining, with modified
zest,
Much lore of carved ivory, lacquers and
pottery,
Theosophy, Buddhism, jade, gems, and
tottery
Shrines, flavored all by things mentioned
or written
By the all-supervising, ubiquitous Briton.

Nor had he neglected that signally filling
Device known as "sport," euphemistic for
killing.
Constrained by the vogue that that pastime
secures,
He had bagged countless pheasants, stalked
deer on Scotch moors

III

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Chased foxes on horseback, tracked Muscovite bears,
Met tigers at home in their Bengalese lairs,
And capped African beasts with assorted quietuses,
From lions and elephants down to mosquitoes.
Discerning how great and how cheap is the credit
Accorded to blood, he continued to shed it,
Till his mentors admitted he couldn't do more,
And Phil Armour himself wasn't deeper in gore.

So, too, horse. Though his globe-trotting didn't permit
Him to feel for that beast the concern he is fit
To awaken in man, he became with his looks
Well acquainted enough to know withers from hocks;

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

And if all of his good points he couldn't
detect,
He acquired at the least an unstinted re-
spect
For a brute in whose structure one great
end in view 'tis
To help idle men to exist without du-
ties.

Exhausting at last the incentives to
roam,
Eben gathered his trophies and turned tow-
ards home.
Despatching his yacht her own passage
to work,
He sailed on a "liner" himself for New
York,
And arrived, duly sanctioned that town to
possess
By that title unchallenged, a London suc-
cess.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

In due time joining clubs and his birthright
renewing
He got some idea what his fellows were
doing,
And ventured to make his desire understood
To share their proceedings as far as he
could.
Obtaining a villa not too far away
He put himself up there, not meaning to
stay
By himself, but desiring some haven to
fly to
When he wanted to think, or had reason
to try to.
On the Hudson it stood, on whose fresh-
water tide
His boat lay prepared to vex waters un-
tried
Any moment her owner whim-prompted
might happen
To step on her deck with his wishing (sea)
cap on.

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

In a couple more years by more long-distance gadding,
Whenever one place or one crowd got too madding,
He'd conversant become with this land's superficies
And the palpable traits of American species.
Playing polo at Newport and coaching at Lenox,
Mount Desert's hazards daring unshattered, and then oc-
Cidentally threading the fresh-water seas,
Thence off to the land of hot springs and big trees,
Adding big-horns and elk to the list of his slaughtered,
Back to bow to she-Patriarchs, bejewelled, bedaughtered,
Watching Congress dispute through a Washington winter,
Leading germans the pace of a misapplied sprinter—

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

It was fun, but for all it diverted and pleased
Eben Pynchot, it left in him, all unap-
peased,

A gnawing distrust of how long to beguile
Life by dodging its problems was really
worth while.

So back to that villa he had on the brink
Of the Hudson he drifted and paused there
to think.

He took time to it; building a little and
planting,

Assorting the fruits of his wide gallivanting,
Disposing his porcelains, pictures, and
bric-à-brac

(Hitherto jumbled out helter-skelter and
pick-a-back).

So that other collectors, inspecting his
plunder,

Might covet his bits with due envy and
wonder;

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

That his Japanese swords, when his rivals
should call on 'em,
Might stir in them desperate longings to
fall on 'em;
That his peachblows and sang-de-bœufs,
and various glazes
Might rouse into violent mania the
crazes
Of persons whose cherished and costly in-
sanity
Makes them suitable objects of man's in-
humanity.

Some orchids he got too, not many but
curious,
And a notable lot of chrysanthemums glo-
rious.
Also horses enough for his uses vehic-
ular,
And to make spavins, ringbones, diseases
navicular,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Splints, curbs, and most species of equine
affection
Familiar enough to him soon for detection.
Yet with all of these manifold means of
distraction
He still found time for thought, for the
blues, for inaction.
The newspapers came with the world's
motley annals,
And into his mind through unfortified
channels
Ran the story of enterprise, effort, suc-
cess,
Mishap, want, and failure that reels from
the press,
And stuck there, corroding his lights, and
his liver's
Performance so marring it gave him the
shivers,
Because with no authorized permit to
shirk,
He was living as quit of humanity's work

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

As a grasshopper is, in a June meadow
playing,
Of the trite agricultural duty of haying.
It was then that his spirits began to suc-
cumb
To that duly hereinbefore hinted at gloom,
Week by week, month by month, grew his
dissatisfaction
Till at last came the climax that foreshad-
owed action.

“What is it,” he mused, “that makes life
worth the living?
Is it endless receiving and spending, or
giving?
Is it lollipops, flapdoodle, horses, and yachts;
Having pennies to drop in all possible slots?
Is it hustle and get-there, the genius for
trade
And commercial combines, by which fort-
unes are made?

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

I never liked that. Was it luck or mishap
That a fortune without it fell into my lap?
A boulder of size has been rolled to the
crown
Of a hill: I can start it and let it roll down.
If you set a great trap and within my reach
bring it,
No doubt I can jump on the bait-plate and
spring it.
But the question keeps pressing what fellow
gets caught—
Whose legs the trap shuts on—who is it
that's bought?
I'm not sure, but at odd times I own I
opine
That the limbs that I see held so firmly
are mine!

“ Must I keep to the end of the chapter,
I wonder,
This purposeless rôle of idealized rounder!

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

It is really a good gift that snatches away
The motives for labor and substitutes play!
The fellows that do things and are things
attain

Their lead by hard discipline seasoned
with pain.

Their characters grow by the sort of en-
deavor

That seizes on time as a slice of forever.
It begins just a little to get through my head
What the grave Seer of Galilee meant when
He said

To that opulent youth who disliked His
advice

And went off disconcerted to pause and
think twice.

If the spirit's the man, what in thunder's
the use

Of indulging the senses with pains so pro-
fuse,

If the more you indulge them the harder it is
For the spirit to get what is lawfully his!

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Not the best behorsed drag can keep up
very far
With a tuppenny cart that is hitched to
a star.
Having fun with one's money's a good
thing to do,
But how about letting it have fun with
you!
Mine shall serve, not possess; and unless
I can keep
My place soul end upward, on top of my
heap,
I vow that by way my defeat to acknowledge
I'll dump the whole pile on a Methodist
college."

Eben Pynchot's become a laborious man.
He went back to work with more purpose
than plan,

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

And his purpose was no more than this,
 that he would
With himself and his pile do the best that
 he could.
But he followed the rule, both in person
 and pelf,
That who does best for others does best
 for himself.
He's occupied now with an office and
 clerks,
Deep in politics, business concerns, and
 good works.
Much he gives, but how much, or to whom,
 or to what,
Are things that this rhyming deponent
 learns not.
Of a dozen great charities yearly one
 sees
His name lettered out in the list of trustees.
He owns model tenements, too, and I know
Of his trying experiments not long ago

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

To see whether a system of loan-shops
could thrive

Where borrowers needn't be quite skinned
alive.

As for politics, knowing that folks can make
shift

To do without help if so be they have thrift,
But good government's something they can't
thrive without,

He does his best efforts to bring that about.
And he sticks to it so, with such dogged
persistence,

Such energy here, and again such resist-
ance,

That I own there are times when I almost
prepare

To see some hall or other run Eben for mayor.

His liver works better now, thanks to this
whirl

Of industry, and—oh! besides, there's a girl!

EBEN PYNCHOT'S REPENTANCE

Such a dear! such a heart! and such wits!
such a head!

Such a hang to her gown! such a poise of
her tread!

She has stock in that loan-office scheme I
was speak-

ing of. Eben consults with her four times
a week.

And so arch is her smile and so cheerful
his scoff

That I own I think sometimes they will
hit it off.

'Twould be great luck for Eben if those
two should pair,

For who needs so much help as an arch-
millionaire!

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THE END

*POEMS &
VERSES*

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